

The Historie of

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
The Archbishops Grace of *Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,*
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'st, and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percy's* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtzie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgive them, that so much haue swayde
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percy's* head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-praysed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For every honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

Henrie the fo

And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render euery glory
Yea, euen the sleightest worship
Or I will teare the reckoning from
This in the name of God I promise
The which if he be pleas'd I shall
I do beseech your Maiesty may
The long growne woundes of mine
If not, the end of life cancels all
And I will die a hundred thousand
Bre breake the smallest parcell of
King. A hundred thousand re
Thou shalt haue charge, and sou
How now good *Blunt*? thy look

Enter Blunt
Blunt. So hath the busines thia
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath se
That *Douglas* and the *English* reb
The eleuenth of this month, at S
A mighty and a fearefull head the
(If promises be kept on euery han
As tuer offered soule play in a sta
King. The Earle of *Westmerland*
With him my soone Lord *John* of
For this aduertisement is fide dai
On wednesday next *Harry* thou
On Thursday, we our selues will
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you sha
Through *Glocester-shire*, by whic
Our busines valued some twelue
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth*
Our hands are full of busines, let
Adantage feedes him fat, while

Scene 3. Enter Falstaffe
Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not false aw
do I not bate? doe I not dwindl
me like an old Ladies loose gown
apple *John*. Well, ile repent, and

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